

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

AFTER MR. KRUGER'S LAST TREK.



There is a pathetic interest in this photograph, which shows the last resting-place of ex-President Paul Kruger, near Pretoria, the capital of the country he loved so well and governed so misguidedly.—(Nicholls and Byrne.)

FOR "OUR DUMB FRIENDS."



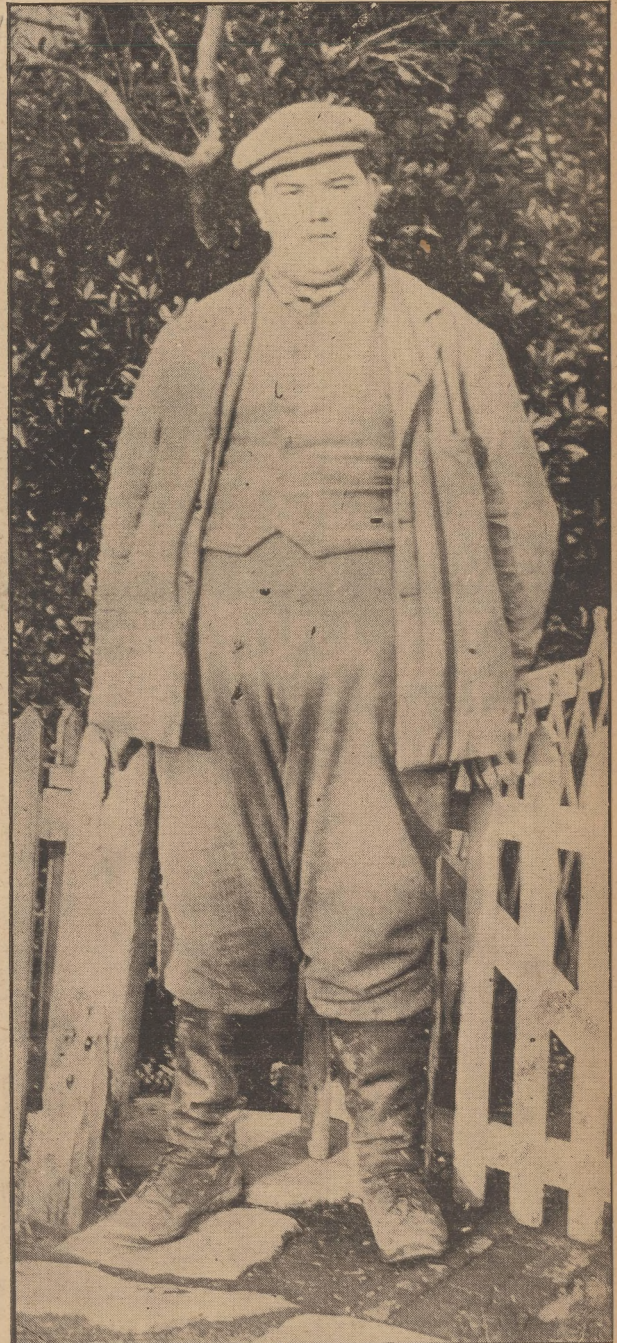
The children's fancy dress ball at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League, was a big success. The photograph shows a group of the quaintly-dressed little guests.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

THE POSTER WAR AT MILE END.



Mr. Lawson, the Conservative candidate, and his opponent, Mr. Straus, bombard each other with inflammatory posters more furiously every day. Some of the latest of Mr. Straus's posters may be seen above. It will be observed that Mr. Chamberlain is a popular subject.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" FAT BOY.



An excellent portrait of Charles Watts, the 23st. giant of Woodchurch, near Ashford, Kent. He is bright and intelligent, and, despite his bulk and gift of height, a real boy, interested in all the occupations and sports that belong to boys of a more normal growth. He is fourteen years of age.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

COASTS SWEEPED BY TIDE AND STORM.

Pier Destroyed at Scarborough
and Many Wrecks.

HEAVY MONEY LOSS.

London Escapes by Early Turn of
the Tide.

Heavy losses of property and, possibly, of life were caused by a great storm and high tide which swept the coasts of Great Britain on Friday night and Saturday.

At Scarborough a pier vanished in the night. Elsewhere down the East Coast and in the estuary of the Thames towns were flooded.

From the English Channel and from Holyhead come reports of collisions at sea and feared loss of many lives.

SEA DESTROYS A PIER.

Nowhere did the gigantic seas which swept our coast-line do more damage than at Scarborough, where the North Pier, a structure erected at heavy cost, was completely washed away.

Happening as it did before dawn no one saw the smash, but the impression is that the structure was carried away by a great sea of tremendous strength.

Erected at a cost of £25,000, the pier was 1,000ft. long, and of a substantial character, being built of iron, with wood decking, the whole being supported by iron pillars, which have weathered the gales of about thirty-five years.

All that was left by the hurricane were the shops at the entrance and the pavilion at the end. Quite 800ft. of the pier were thus destroyed.

Last September the Mayor of Scarborough, Mr. Morgan, bought the pier for £3,500.

YARMOUTH INUNDAED.

The full fury of the great storm was felt at Yarmouth, and at high tide nearly all parts of the town were inundated.

There was no ebb in the harbour to Friday night's tide, owing to the tremendous gale holding the water up, with the result that at Saturday morning's flood the water overflowed the quays and poured into the streets, imprisoning thousands of inhabitants.

Near the harbour the water was nearly three feet deep, and it was half a foot deep a quarter of a mile inland.

STRANGE LONDON TIDE.

A phenomenally high tide was again experienced in the Thames on Saturday, and at one time it appeared certain that the river would overflow and cause damage by flooding.

High tide at London Bridge was timed for 3.10 p.m., but an hour and a half before that time Trinity high-water mark had been reached.

Fortunately the water stopped rising at a little after two, and by ten minutes past three it was well on the turn, when it should have been at the flood.

LIFEBOATS BUSY.

Near the Skerries Lighthouse, on Saturday night, the Spanish steamer *Oria*, Liverpool for Bilbao, collided with the Glasgow steamer *Stella Maris*, Holyhead to Garston, and both vessels foundered.

As soon as the vessels struck there was a wild stampede for the boats. Captain Okane, of the *Oria*, with four of his crew and nine Spaniards took to one of the ship's boats.

As a result of a collision in the Channel yesterday between the schooner *Dispatch*, 116 tons, of Belfast, and the steamship *Dinnington*, 224 tons, of Shields, it is feared that ten lives have been lost. In the evening the *Ramsgate* tug brought the *Dispatch* safely into harbour.

The steamship *Ole Bull*, 1,041 tons, ran on to the Goodwin Sands, and but for the timely arrival of tugs from *Ramsgate*, which towed her off the treacherous bank, would have foundered.

The Newcastle steamer *Cairnlock*, Dunkirk for Cardiff, went ashore on the French coast, but was refloated.

On Saturday morning the fishing-boat *Victory* was totally wrecked near Scrabster, Banff. The crew are reported safe.

There is great anxiety on the Moray Firth regarding the fate of twelve fishing-boats out at sea in the storm.

OCCUPATION OF PORT ARTHUR.

Stoessel Thanks Nogi for Chivalry of
His Arrangements.

24,000 PRISONERS.

Yesterday the Japanese Army of 50,000 men took formal possession of Port Arthur.

General Stoessel has written to General Nogi, thanking him for the chivalrous way in which the preparations for the Russian evacuations and the Japanese entry into Port Arthur have been arranged.

The transfer of prisoners from Port Arthur was completed at half-past four on Saturday afternoon. They number 878 officers and officials and 23,491 men.

In St. Petersburg yesterday was a day of mourning, solemn memorial services for the dead who fell in defence of the stronghold being held in the cathedrals.

The dispatch of further warships to the East has tacitly been abandoned, and orders for provisions to be sent to Crete have been cancelled.

Nevertheless, it has been decided to prosecute the campaign in Manchuria without sparing either men or treasure.

General Kuropatkin's latest report announces the repulse of a Japanese attack made upon the Russian centre.

A report, as yet unconfirmed, has come to hand of the resignation of Prince Mirski, the Russian Minister of the Interior.

BLOCKADE OF LIAO-TUNG RAISED.

The following telegram has been received at the Japanese Legation:—"In view of our occupation of the whole of the Liao-tung peninsula, the blockade declared on January 1 by Admiral Togo was raised on January 7, but for the present no ships, except those in the service of the Japanese Government, are allowed to enter Port Arthur."

COALS TO THE MOON.

"It's all bosh," said the skipper of the British steamer *Roddam*, now lying at Glasgow, under suspicion of carrying coals to the Russian fleet.

Having denied the alleged breach of neutrality, the captain added: "But let me say that I am quite prepared to carry coals to the moon, if any reasonable method of reaching that planet can be devised."

CANADA AND THE ALIENS.

OTTAWA, Friday.—In a letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Mayor of Montreal asks the Federal authorities to prevent the influx into the Dominion of indigent Russian Jews, a thousand of whom have arrived in Montreal during the last few weeks.—*Reuter*.

PARIS MYSTERY.

Young Woman Victim of a Terrible
Crime.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—A horrible crime, the author of which is at present not known, has just been brought to light by the discovery on some waste land near the Porte de Cernancourt, to the extreme north of Paris, of the charred remains of the body of a woman wrapped up in a piece of black serge.

A boy was on his way to work yesterday morning when he came upon a bulky parcel half-hidden in a hedge.

Examining the parcel more closely he was frightened to find that it contained the remains of a human body.

The authorities were at once informed, and when they opened the parcel a gruesome sight met their eyes.

The head was separated from the trunk, and of the upper and lower members of the body all that could be found was one leg and a foot horribly mutilated.

It is said that a suspicious-looking man has been seen hovering round the spot for some months. This man used to molest workgirls on their way home at night.

Yesterday evening he was seen with a heavy parcel under his arm and apparently in a very agitated state of mind.

The dismembered remains, apparently those of a girl of sixteen, have been taken to the morgue.

OPERA SINGERS INJURED.

Stage Bridge Collapses with the Chorus of
"Carmen."

NEW YORK, Sunday.—During the first act of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera House here last night the bridge collapsed, carrying with it a large number of the chorus, twenty of whom had bones broken, while others were severely bruised. None of the principals were hurt.

The timely assurances of the manager averted a panic, and the injured were conveyed to hospital. The opera then proceeded.—*Reuter*.

DEATH OF OXFORD'S MAYOR.

Early yesterday morning the mayor of Oxford, Councillor T. W. Taphouse, died at his residence, after a long illness.

Mr. Taphouse, who was sixty-eight years of age, was some years ago granted the honorary degree of M.A. by the University for his eminent services in the history of music.

MR. J. F. CHEETHAM, M.P.



The new Liberal member for Stalybridge. The seat had been a Conservative stronghold since 1885.—(Russell.)

LIBERAL VICTORY.

Mr. Cheetham Wins at Stalybridge
by Nearly 1,000 Votes.

SURPRISE AT MILE END.

The result of the by-election at Stalybridge was announced on Saturday night as follows:—

Mr. J. F. Cheetham (L)	4,029
Mr. Travis-Clegg (C)	3,078
Liberal majority	951

An immense crowd of over 20,000 assembled from Ashton, Oldham, and other neighbouring towns to hear the poll declared. Even the Liberals were surprised at the size of Mr. Cheetham's majority, as the contest had been regarded as a very even one.

The Irish and Roman Catholic vote is largely responsible for the decisive victory of Mr. Cheetham, who is a local cotton spinner, and has made four attempts to enter Parliament.

Stalybridge has been a Conservative stronghold for many years, the Liberals suffering defeat in 1885, 1886, and 1892. At the two elections which have since taken place the figures were:—1895: Sidebottom (U), 3,389; Wright (L), 2,757—majority, 632. 1900: White-Ridley (U), 3,321; Cheetham (L), 3,241—majority, 80.

RADICALS ELATED.

Unionists Redouble Their Exertions to Win
Mile End.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MILE END, Sunday Night.—The result of the Stalybridge election has fallen like a bombshell in the Mile End constituency.

Elated by the unexpectedly large majority, the Liberals here are confident of winning by at least 500. This morning a Conservative worker's anticipation was of a majority for Mr. Lawson of not more than 100.

The Conservative canvass has been more vigorous and systematic than the Liberal throughout the campaign. The Stalybridge figures have now caused Conservative workers to redouble their efforts.

The most recent Unionist poster runs as follows:

21,000 Chinese welcomed in South Africa.

That is their business.

84,000 aliens come here each year.

That is your business.

Where are you to go if this goes on?

Vote for Harry Lawson on Thursday, January 12.

No Chinese Labour in Mile End.

"Vote for Straus, and hands off the food of the people," is the rallying cry of the Liberals.

MANY MOTOR-CARS PROMISED.

There will be a record number of motor-cars in Mile End on polling-day. Mr. A. du Gros has promised a dozen, and others will be lent by Sir Harry Samuel, M.P., Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., and many others.

To-morrow morning the returning officer, Mr. F. K. Metcalfe, will sit at the Public Library in Bancroft-road for the receipt of nominations.

A dozen papers will be handed in on behalf of Mr. Harry Lawson, the Conservative candidate, and one will be signed exclusively by Jews. An equal number of papers is expected for Mr. Straus.

Large bands of dainty ladies have been busy canvassing the gigantic brewers' draymen, and the few Radicals to be found at Charrington's are said to have had some pretty lectures from the fair representatives of the Primrose League.

An astounding number of political working men are following the example of Silas Wegg, and "drop into poetry" with more or less facility.

One of the most successful efforts is sung to the air of the popular "Blue-bell."

Three cheers for Harry Lawson,

That is our cry to-day;

Aliens no longer wanted,

Down in Mile End way;

Make room for British workers,

Fair play for English trade,

Shout for the coming victory,

Lawson we all acclaim!

AMIR'S SON AND THE VICEROY.

CALCUTTA, Sunday.—Inayatullah Khan has bidden farewell to the Viceroy, and will leave Calcutta on Wednesday next, halting two days at Agra and Rawal Pinli. The Amir has sent some splendid presents to Lord Curzon, who is sending others in return.

The Sardar has been everywhere warmly welcomed, and has constantly expressed his delight at his reception here.—*Reuter*.

Mr. Hemming, K.C., official referee of the High Court, has just died in his eighty-fourth year.

BLIND WORKMAN RECOVERS SIGHT.

How Mr. George Vasey Suddenly
Saw "a Glorious Light."

MODERN MIRACLE.

After Reading the Bible Story the Darkness
Vanished.

After ten years' total blindness George Vasey, a sixty-one-year-old resident of Shildon, a mining village in Durham, has suddenly recovered his sight. His neighbours call it a modern miracle. From all over South-West Durham, where he is a well-known figure, Mr. Vasey has been receiving congratulations, and friends have been coming to see that it is really true he has recovered his sight.

His story is the more remarkable, for no artificial means have been adopted to bring about the cure.

Thirty years ago Mr. Vasey lost the sight of his right eye whilst pulling up sleepers on the railway. During fifteen years his eyesight gradually failed in the left eye, and then he had to give up his employment as fireman of colliery boilers because he could not see his fellow-workmen.

Day by day the little glimmer then left gradually departed, until the final verdict of science was given ten years ago, and Vasey was told that he was blind for life—a cataract had formed and an operation was useless.

How sight returned is best told in George Vasey's own words:—

"I had been reading the 'Life of Christ' in a book with the Braille type, slowly tracing out the story of how the blind saw again. Then I got up and went into the yard at the back of the house to break up an old tea-chest for firewood, one of the few jobs I could do.

Suddenly I was conscious of a dim light. Then I noticed the label on the tea-chest, and in a few minutes I could read it.

The glorious light had come back. I could see again.

Great thankfulness is the keynote of Mr. Vasey's mind just now, and he declares he will never believe it was anything but a miracle.

Since that marvellous day his sight has gradually improved. "At first things appeared blue," he says, "but now the objects are clearer and as they used to be."

He now goes about the streets as well as anyone, his only trouble being the recognising of old friends.

Men he has known for years, but not seen, pass unrecognised, for now he sees again his ears have lost that preternaturally acute hearing, characteristic of the blind, which formerly betrayed their approach.

Medical men are taking keen interest in this modern miracle, for, while cases of recovery of sight are not uncommon after short periods of blindness, recovery after ten years is practically unexampled.

LONDON REVIVAL.

Mr. Alexander Expects Titled Ladies To Join
in the "Glory" Song.

Great expectations are entertained of the Torrey-Alexander evangelical mission, which opens in a few days at the Royal Albert Hall, which has been engaged for the next two months as the London headquarters of the movement.

"First we shall come to the rich," said Mr. Alexander to the *Daily Mirror*, "who would go in the ordinary course of things to the Royal Albert Hall.

"Many have an idea that the wealthier class are unapproachable. It is not true. Their longing for the higher life is as great as that of the poorest and most forsaken.

"Piccadilly and Park-lane are as accessible to the voice of religion as Whitechapel and Bow. God can as easily save the one as the other.

"I am longing to see the picture of the titled lady in her silks and sables joining in the 'Glory' song side by side with a lowly sister in the garments of poverty."

British Manufacturers, Exporters, and Agents desirous of extending their business with Britishers over the seas, should take advantage of the advertising columns of the *Over-Seas Edition* of the "*Daily Mail*." Its circulation is larger than any other publication in Great Britain for circulation in the Colonies.

All particulars regarding Advertising Rates, etc., may be obtained upon application to the Chief Clerk *Over-Seas Edition* of the "*Daily Mail*," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

THROWN OUT OF CHURCH. MYSTERY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

"Free" Fighters Seize a "Wee" Kirk
by Main Force.

Both the "Free Kirkers" and the "Wee Kirkers" have abandoned moral suasion and adopted physical force in their ecclesiastical warfare.

They are winning and losing by turns. At Arisaig and Kincardine the "Wee" fighters seized the churches without a dirk being drawn, so to speak.

But at Creich, near Bonar Bridge, yesterday, the "Free" fighters gathered in full strength and carried the church by main force, literally herding their opponents out of their pews.

A correspondent summarises the situation by the ominous statement that the Highland blood is "up."

RESTOCKING THE LEA.

Cleaning Operations at Victoria Park Rejoice
Anglers and Unemployed.

By permission of the L.C.C., the Anglers' Association have during the past year accomplished some splendid work by taking surplus fish from London ornamental waters and placing them in rivers near London.

In view of the distress prevailing in the East End, it was decided to set the unemployed to

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION AT WORK.



Netting the fish in Victoria Park Lake. The haul will be placed in public parts of the River Lea.

clean out the mud of the large boating-lake in Victoria Park. Preliminary to this, for the past two days, men have been engaged netting the fish, which are being kept in an enclosed part of the lake till all are caught.

To-day the work will be continued, and eventually the whole catch will be taken up the Lea in a steam barge and distributed at spots between Cheshunt and St. Margaret's.

Considerable amusement is often afforded by these netting operations, and there were animated scenes all day Saturday and yesterday in Victoria Park. Not a few involuntary mud or water baths were taken by the dozens of willing helpers, who are recruited from the London angling clubs.

MARCONI AT SEA.

White Star Line Preparing To Adopt the
Wireless System.

Mr. J. Bruce Ismay informed the *Daily Mirror* on Friday that he is considering the question of installing the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy in the White Star liners and other steamers belonging to the combine.

So far, only two steamers of the Cunard Line—the *Campania* and the *Lucania*—have been fitted with the long-distance instruments. The *American* Line and North German Lloyd can only signal forty or fifty miles at sea.

For never having been absent or late for school, Alice Woodette, of St. John's Schools, Kingston-on-Thames, has received a medal for the tenth year in succession.

Earl Fitzwilliam's Quest of the
Cocos Island Treasure.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

Fears for the Safety of the Yacht *Veronique*
Unfounded.

Accident; everybody all right; returning home at once, arriving England 26th. Slightly hurt, but quite well. Mr. Bulkeley also cut about the head.

This cablegram, received by Countess Fitzwilliam from her husband at Panama, is not so much remarkable for what it tells as for what it leaves untold.

The yacht *Veronique* was the rechristened *Hier Harlech* Castle, of 3,264 tons, and left Southampton on October 22 last in command of Captain Morrison.

Among the party on board, in addition to Earl Fitzwilliam himself, were Admiral Palliser, Colonel T. C. Carter (late of the Life Guards), Captain North, Mr. St. John Durnford, Mr. Frank Brook, Mr. David Smith, and Mr. Bulkeley.

She was bound for the port of Valparaiso, and

MISHAP TO MOURNERS.

Coster Nearly Hanged by Another
Floor Collapse.

The mishap which befell the corpse and mourners in Clayton's-buildings, Salmon-lane, Limehouse, when all were thrown into the cellar through the floor collapsing, has been followed by another accident of a very similar character, associated with the same funeral preliminaries.

After the first misadventure the coffin containing the remains of Mrs. Rawlinson was taken to the house of a coster named Mansfield, in the same buildings, as the district surveyor had condemned the resting-place to which the body was taken immediately after the first mishap.

When Mansfield entered his house on Saturday evening at half-past eight, to his amazement and alarm the floor gave way, and he fell through, hanging by the neck for some minutes before his cries brought assistance.

A constable broke away the flooring so as to allow Mansfield to drop into the cellar, and Dr. Godden attended to his injuries—fractured ribs and aaching neck.

The doctor, too, had a narrow escape. On entering the house he stepped through the unstable floor, and was only caught in time by the quick hand of the constable.

ROYAL VISIT TO BUXTON.

King Presents a Glass Operating-table to the
Hospital.

The King and Queen paid a visit to Buxton on Saturday, travelling from Chatsworth by motor-car.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire formally received their Majesties in the Devonshire Hospital, of which the Duke is president.

The Royal party inspected the building and wards, and professed themselves much pleased with all they saw. Before leaving, the King asked Dr. Turner, the resident surgeon, to accept the gift of a glass operating-table for the hospital.

Afterwards a visit was paid to the Pump-rooms, where the famous mineral water was tasted. The party returned to Chatsworth by motor-car at half-past three.

To-day the King and Queen leave Chatsworth, the former for London, while her Majesty returns to Sandringham. They will travel together as far as Saxby by the 12.30 train.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT LISBON.

On Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with the Princesses Patricia and Margaret, arrived at Lisbon on H.M. cruiser *Essex*. They were met on landing by King Carlos and the Duke of Oporto. Queen Amelia, with the Crown Prince, awaited her guests at the Balem Palace, where they will reside during their stay in Lisbon.

"RUNG OFF!"

Telephone Boom That Soon "Slumped" on
the Stock Exchange.

National Telephone Deferred shares had a brief boom and a merry one on the Stock Exchange at the week-end. After making a remarkable rise of 41H on Friday, they came down on Saturday, by a disastrous run of 46, to 1083.

The rise was due to an impression gaining ground that the Government had taken over the National Telephone Company, as had long been expected. But a doubt supervened, and selling set in at a great pace, as speculators scuttled out at the least possible loss.

While it keened the excitement on 'Change was the keenest search for some time; "quite refreshing," said a dealer who had got out at a good profit before the tide turned.

The Postmaster-General has since cleared the air on the subject by explicitly stating that there is no foundation for the rumours that the business of the National Telephone Company has been acquired by the Government, and that no announcement regarding the negotiations will be made till Parliament meets.

TOOK TO THE WOODS.

Out-of-work Cobbler Endures Six Weeks of
Bitter Weather in the Open.

For six weeks an out-of-work cobbler has managed to exist in the woods near Newcastle-on-Tyne without shelter from the frost and snow.

He was discovered by a shooting party on Thursday, in a wood above Throckley, in a semi-nude condition. They informed the police, and a prolonged search on Friday revealed the man in a deep hole, hidden by undergrowth. He had his coat off and his overcoat was hanging on a tree.

When before the magistrates on Saturday he said he had been six weeks in the wood, having taken up his abode there because he could not get work at his trade as a boot repairer.

"MIRROR" FAT BOY CATCHES RABBITS.

An Afternoon with Charlie Watts
and a Nimble Ferret.

ACTIVE YOUNG GIANT

Would Like To Go to London, but Will Not
Appear on the Stage.

During the past few days crowds of curious people have travelled to Woodchurch to see Charles Watts, the boy wonder of Kent, photographed in the *Daily Mirror* last week, and again illustrated to-day.

Ham Sweet is the nearest station to the quaint, old-world village, but most of the tourists drive from Ashford, a distance of eight miles through picturesque woodland scenery.

Woodchurch has also received visits from numerous music-hall agents, who have made substantial offers for the fat boy to appear on the stage, but they have all been firmly declined. Mrs. Watts, a comely, buxom type of a farmer's wife, is very proud of her only child, and will not allow him out of her sight.

When the *Daily Mirror* called to see Charlie at the farmhouse on Saturday morning his mother said: "He has gone ferreting with his father over yonder in the woods."

A short walk across the green meadow to the outskirts of the wood, and in answer to a whistling



The "Mirror" Fat Boy.

call the bushes and young trees were thrust aside and the fat boy answered with a hearty "Hallo!" As he crashed through the dense undergrowth it reminded the *Daily Mirror* of a rhinoceros coming through the jungle.

"I'm ferreting for rabbits," said Charlie. "Come here and watch them jump out of the holes."

The process was a very simple one. The fat boy took a white, vicious-looking, pink-eyed ferret out of his capacious side-pocket and dropped him down a hole. After a few minutes' wait a scurrying noise was heard, and a fine rabbit dashed out of another hole into the net.

Charlie's eyes glistened with joy and visions of rabbit-pie. "He's a beauty," said he, as he seized the ferret which had just appeared and put him back into his pocket.

Handing the rabbit to the *Daily Mirror*, the Kentish boy wonder said: "Take him back to London with you, and you'll find that he's fine eating. Netted rabbits are much better than those which are riddled and spoilt with shot."

After he had caught six more plump rabbits, Charlie Watts said: "I'd like to go up to London with father, but not to go on the stage. I am going to be a farmer when I grow up and get big and strong. The pictures in the *Daily Mirror* are fine, and all my folks like them."

"I have been to Ashford and Folkestone," added Charlie, "but I don't like going away from home much, because the people follow me in the street."

Charlie is idolised by the village boys for his kindly nature, and is always willing to do sums at school for lads who are not so far advanced as himself. He is very intelligent, and has passed all the standards, so that he can leave school at any time.

"BOB SAWYER," DETECTIVE.

Retirement of "The Doctor" Who
Nearly Arrested Jack the Ripper.

Inspector Robert Sagar, who has just retired on a pension from the City Police Force, after twenty-five years' notable service, began his career as a detective under very unusual conditions.

He was a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and made the acquaintance of his lodgings in Smithfield of an Old Jewry detective, whose stories of thrilling adventure fired the young medical student. During the succeeding five years at Bart's he had the remarkable experience of assisting in the arrest of more than a hundred wrong-doers.

After this apprenticeship young Sagar became a recognised member of the City detective force at the suggestion of Sir James Fraser, the Chief Commissioner of the City Police. He is believed to be the only police detective in the kingdom who has never worn the familiar blue uniform, and to this day in many East End ends of crime he is known as "The Doctor."

Most of Inspector Sagar's fame has been achieved by his successful breaking-up of gangs of forgers operating in London. The Devonports, of "forged fivers" fame, and the Barnshaws had cause to regret his skill as a detective. He was also engaged in the "Great Pearl Robbery" case, and brought to the sad end Mrs. Osborne from Dover to the Guildhall dock.

In the search for the terrible Whitechapel murderer Inspector Sagar was the chief City officer appointed to confer with the Metropolitan Police. He believes that "Jack the Ripper" came nearest to being captured after the Mitre-square murder, in which the woman Kelly was the victim.

The theory of the City Police is that "Jack the Ripper" was a butcher, who worked in "Butcher's-row," Aldgate, and was partly insane. It is believed that he made his way to Australia, and there died.

BED ON THE PAVEMENT.

Boy Wail's Story of a Mysterious "Gentleman" Brother.

A small boy, named George Shepherd, who was found sleeping on the pavement in the early morning, was brought before the Marylebone magistrate on Saturday.

He stated that he was an orphan and had been turned out by a brother at Chatham. He had other brothers, he told Mr. Curtis Bennett proudly—one a corporal in India, and another walking about the streets "as a gentleman."

Mr. Curtis Bennett: What do you mean by that? The Boy: He has plenty of money, sir. Where does he get plenty of money?—I can't tell you, sir.

Have you been reading any imaginative stories lately?—No, sir.

The court missionary was asked to inquire into the boy's story.

STEALING HOUSES.

Amazing Scheme for Robbing a Property Owner.

In relating, at Middlesex Sessions on Saturday, the career of George Henry Richards, who was described as a builder, a detective told of a remarkable criminal exploit.

In 1888 Richards was charged with stealing two houses at Hadley. It appeared that a gentleman bought two houses and left them standing for some time. When he returned he found that Richards had pulled one down, and had a gang of men at work destroying the other. His object had been to sell the materials as a "housebreaker."

For that offence Richards was in 1901 sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and on Saturday he was convicted for theft from a house which he had occupied, but left without paying the rent. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

CHANDELIER DANGER.

An aged couple named John and Hannah Hill were found dead in bed at their residence in Shelburne-road, Holloway, suffocated by an escape of gas.

It was shown at the inquest on Saturday that the escape had occurred through there being no water in the tube of a three-light telescope chandelier, which had been drawn down some distance.

A doctor stated that, while one part of gas to ten of air was needed to cause an explosion, one in thirty would cause death.

GAS-WORKS EXPLOSION.

Owing to the explosion of a purifier, the gas-works at Padiham, near Burnley, have been severely damaged.

Over one hundred windows were shattered, and seven persons, including four firemen, were injured.

"MR. X'S" SUITORS.

Many Lonely Spinsters Find "Single
Life a Failure."

WIDOW OF FORTY-TWO.

Courtships by letters that have resulted in happy marriages are not so uncommon as many people imagine. There are men, and probably women, too, who can express themselves much more attractively by letter than by word of mouth.

"Mr. X"—a man of independent means, desirous of taking unto himself a wife—has found, through *Daily Mirror* correspondence, more would-be wives than he can well know what to do with.

A Hampton girl of twenty-three, who gives her name and address, which, of course, we do not make public, writes "Mr. X" as follows:—

I am good-looking, refined, and capable of all domestic ranks, musical, and can do anything. I live with my parents, who have a house and grounds and many other houses and property. I am a perfect lady, and have been told that I am fascinating and kind-hearted. Anybody can visit Hampton and see my home.

A Good-natured Husband.

From a hotel in Plymouth a lady writes, besmoothing the loneliness of spinsterhood as "Mr. X" laments the cheerlessness of bachelorhood. This induced her to give up an excellent teaching connection in a well-known south of England town in 1897 and go to South Africa. She says:—

I have been back again a year and a half, but, as regards unhappiness, I have gone through more than I ever did before. If our mutual experience prove of any interest I shall be glad to hear from you.

"A Widow of Forty-two" seeks the hand of "Mr. X" with what she calls "my simple unvarnished tale." Her letter contains the following extracts:—

I am called a pretty woman. I am as merry as a cricket, though possessing great dignity and a keen sense of the ridiculous; am a good musician, with a well-cultivated voice; fond of literature, and have made some money by writing.

"What is there for me?" concludes the "Widow of Forty-two." But as that is, of course, for "Mr. X" to say, we must leave her in his care and discretion.

PLUM-PUDDING CONTRETEMPS

Domestic Differences Reach Their Climax on
Christmas Day.

When Herman Reckin, a hair-dresser, of Lillie-road, Fulham, found at a friend's house at Christmas a plum-pudding made by his wife while he had none in his own house, he made Mrs. Reckin painfully aware of his displeasure.

But this, she stated, in asking the West London magistrate on Saturday for a separation, was only one of many acts of cruelty. Her husband admitted that he had chastised her with a stick because on one occasion she refused to tell him where she had been.

"This is how you treat your wives in Germany?" Mrs. Reckin's solicitor asked.

Defendant: In Germany wives know their place. The Solicitor: And, therefore, you treat them as superior domestic servants.

The magistrate granted the order, with 20s. alimony per week.

SUICIDE BRIDGE.

Grim History Attaching to the Famous
Clifton Structure.

To the long list of tragedies which have given Clifton Suspension Bridge such a sinister reputation has just been added another case of suicide.

A young man, whose manner had aroused some suspicion in the mind of the toll-collector, took a single ticket to cross the bridge, but never reached the other side. A liat was afterwards found near the centre of the bridge, and the stationmaster at the Port and Pier Railway below reported having heard a splash. Though a search has been made the body has not been found.

Since the bridge was opened on December 8, 1864, more than thirty persons have committed suicide by leaping from it into the depths 245ft. below.

MISSING MR. ROBINSON.

There is still no news of Mr. John Alexander Robinson, of Teddington, who mysteriously disappeared after leaving the office in Conduit-street on the morning of December 24.

BARGAINS FOR SMOKERS.

Sixpenny British Cigars Offered at a
Penny Each.

Three detectives claim to have discovered astounding bargains in cigars at a shop in New-road, Whitechapel. A cigar ordinarily sold at sixpence is said to have been offered at a penny, while others were to be sold at the rate of twenty for tenpence.

In explanation of this it was alleged at Worship-street Police Court on Saturday that the cigars were a portion of a huge quantity stolen from the factory of Messrs. Zugen Bros., in Chicksand-street, Spitalfields, where, on November 5, 90,000 cigars—in boxes and loose—which were valued at £450, disappeared.

On a charge of stealing and receiving 100 boxes, Morris Franks, the proprietor of the shop, and his wife, Mary, were placed in the dock.

Mr. Jacobs, Messrs. Zugen's manager, said he had picked out many cigars which he was certain were of his firm's make. When he described one box as "British Havannahs" Mr. Jonas, solicitor for the defence, waved them aside as "Flor de London."

Positive in his recognition of one cigar out of a bundle of six—offered in the shop for 6d.—Mr. Jacobs said: "I know its contents."

Mr. Jonas: Ah, let us know. To begin with, what is the outer leaf? Tobacco? If so, what is it called and where does it come from?

Mr. Jacobs admitted it was Spanish, but did not wish to give the name of "the little place" where it came from. He appealed to the magistrate, who said he would not compel an answer as to a trade secret.

Mr. Jonas said "he would not press for the name of the suburban garden."

On emphatic denial being given to the charge, Mr. Jonas stating that Franks was a job buyer at City auctions, and that the cigars had come into his possession in that way.

The prisoners were remanded on bail.

SIX POLICEMEN IN THE DOCK.

Investigating Charges of Wholesale Theft
from Market Stalls.

Six police officers employed by the Markets Committee were remanded at Manchester on Saturday on charges of stealing from stalls in the market, and with neglecting their duty as constables. Four of the men admitted breaches of duty.

The proceedings are the result of complaints which have been made for some time past of wholesale depredations from stalls in the provision section of Shudehill Market. Some tenants are said to have lost goods to the value of several hundreds of pounds.

There was an investigation by the chairman of the Markets Committee, and three days ago he suspended eight men, of whom six were subsequently arrested. The markets' police is a body distinct from the Manchester City Police Force.

RANSACKING A STREET.

Burglars Accompanied by a Woman Break
Into Five Houses.

No fewer than five houses in Uffington-road, West Norwood, were broken into during the early hours of Saturday morning.

The burglars secured a quantity of valuable property, including a silver teapot, silver teaspoons, and a silver christening cup. From tracks left in the front garden of each house the police infer that two or three persons were concerned in the robberies. One was probably a woman, as one set of footprints was unusually small.

In four cases the burglars selected houses which stood in shadow, and every instance they entered only the front room, their method being to slip back the catch of the window.

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CELESTIAL WIZARDS.

Chung Ling Soo's Seance at the
"Weekly Dispatch."

WHERE WAS FOO?

"Your dishonourable ancestors lived in a discredited pigsty, you ignoble charlatan of a necromancer."

"A formidable descendant of an unillustrious line, your conjuring compared with mine is a running gutter to the Hoang Ho."

Compliments such as these had for many days been passing between the two greatest Celestial conjurers of the age. On one hand, Chung Ling Foo, of the Empire Theatre, original Chinese sorcerer, Lord of the Thousand Wiles, had been hurling defiance at his hated rival. On the other hand, Chung Ling Soo, of the Hippodrome, Mandarin of the One Button, official wizard to the Rising Sun, had been hurling defiance back.

Finally, the "Weekly Dispatch" arranged for a set trial of necromancy and wizardism. The "Weekly Dispatch" made it possible to decide whether Foo or Soo was the greatest Ling. It was settled that the two marvels should meet face to face, pig-tail to pig-tail, in the "Weekly Dispatch" office on Saturday last.

Foo was in the position of challenger. He made a magnificent offer. He offered a thousand pounds, amounting to millions and millions of "cash," to Soo if the latter could do ten out of twenty of his Foo's tricks. Moreover, he also agreed to forfeit the millions if he, Foo, failed to do any single one of the tricks of Chung Ling Soo.

A special arena was prepared in the "Weekly Dispatch" office. It was divided by a glass partition to prevent the rivals, by their own special request, from coming into contact with each other's unworthiness.

All Hall! Chung Ling Soo.

At the time appointed on Saturday morning Chung Ling Soo marched into his enclosure to the accompaniment of the beating of tom-toms by his gorgeous retinue. He was a magnificent sight to behold. His ebony-black pig-tail swung majestically from side to side with his stately movements, and he wore all the brilliant insignia that pertain to a "Mandarin of One Button."

But the enclosure of Chung Ling Foo was an empty void. There was a hushed, expectant wait, but no Foo came.

"Would it be pleasing to his super-illustrious patrons that their servant Chung Ling Soo should humiliate himself in their presence by doing Chung Ling Foo's tricks in spite of the self-elected magician's absence?"

The offer was accepted, and Chung Ling Soo began.

Chung Ling Soo did ten tricks. He set his inside on fire and spat the fire out. He produced bowls of goldfish from nowhere. He made a whole banquet disappear. He caused solid hoops to loop on to one another. He paid a wonderful tribute to the art of Chung Ling Foo, but a still more wonderful tribute to the art of Chung Ling Soo.

But where was Chung Ling Foo? As the performance progressed a creepy rumour spread around. It was whispered that the other magician was really present, but that his presence was veiled from mortal eyes by the cryptic art of Chung Ling Soo. In plain words, that Soo had made Foo invisible!

It was even hinted that Soo had borrowed Foo's soul, and thus was enabled to do Foo's tricks with such ease.

This was so, then the illustrious conjuror, Chung Ling Soo, at his memorable seance, displayed a supernatural skill vastly greater than either he or his rival ever claimed to possess. To say the least, it is a queer story—this black art contest of Celestial wizards.

TEA TAX TROUBLES.

Planter's Strong Views on the Baneful Eightpence Duty.

During the last few days the feeling of insecurity and unrest in the tea trade has spread noticeably, and much progress has been made in getting together evidence of the disastrous effect of the unscientific and burdensome eightpenny tax.

In an interview on Saturday with the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Herbert Compton, the well-known writer and expert, who was at one time a large tea-planter, made out a strong case for the agitators.

"Consider the situation in figures, and you will find it absurd," he said. "Speaking roughly, there are 240,000,000 lb. of tea consumed in a year, worth £6,500,000. The revenue thus produced is £8,000,000."

"If bread were taxed like tea the price of the quartern loaf would be 1s."

"Why should the poor be burdened? Why should they be compelled to drink coarse tea made from a leaf that has been permitted to grow so long before being picked that it has figuratively gone to seed, when at 1s. 4d. a pound they might be able, if there was a sensible tax, to buy the best tea India or Ceylon could produce?"

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

To-day the L.C.C. School of Marine Engineering, which adjoins the free library in Poplar High-street, opens for actual work.

Earl Roberts has consented to be the guest of honour at the annual dinner of the Motor Volunteer Corps, to be held at the Trocadero, on Monday, February 13.

While workmen were engaged in demolishing the old G.E.R. passenger station at Hull on Saturday the roof at the far end fell in, seven men being buried in the debris and seriously injured.

MORE SMOKE, LESS DRINK.

Little support to the theory that smoking leads to drinking is lent by Belfast, which has established a record for its custom receipts from tobacco.

During the past year these amounted to over a million sterling, while, on the other hand, the receipts from whisky have decreased by £62,000.

FOR PROTECTING THE PROTECTOR.

To Don Antonio di Mora, petty officer, and other seamen of Port St. Mary, Spain, medals and sums of money have been awarded by the Board of Trade for their gallant rescue of the shipwrecked crew of the British ketch Protector.

The Protector, it will be remembered, stranded off Rota, near Cadiz, in stormy weather, last November.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., yesterday received warm congratulations from hosts of friends and admirers on the occasion of his celebrating his sixty-ninth birthday.

Though known to fame as the painter of an unrivalled series of classical pictures, Sir Lawrence, who is a Dutchman by birth, first made his name by landscapes, and several of these early works

Northumberland colliers' wages were on Saturday reduced by the Conciliation Board 2½ per cent.

To its former Bishop, now Archbishop of Canterbury, the diocese of Winchester will give a presentation portrait on the 28th inst.

Mr. Lance Monckton, cousin to the late Sir John Monckton, has been appointed town clerk for the borough of Maidstone at a salary of £1,000 per annum.

Fever returns issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board show there are 3,278 patients in the various hospitals belonging to the Board. Of these 2,301 are scarlet fever cases, 821 diphtheria, and 156 enteric fever.

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

While fishing in the Trent, and using two separate baits of small dace, an angler hooked a monster water-rat and an 8lb. pike.

So voracious was the pike that, after gorging the dace, it attacked the rat, seizing it by the head.

MORE "COVERED-TOP" TRAMCARS.

Fifty-six new "covered-top" tramcars were placed on the South London electric tramways on Saturday.

The L.C.C. have now 200 of these vehicles on their systems, and by next month all the routes, with the exception of Tooting, will have covered-in top cars.

CHATHAM'S NEW NAVAL HOSPITAL.

At a meeting of the Incorporated British Institute of Certified Carpenters, on Saturday, Mr. J. D. Manners gave some interesting particulars of the new naval hospital at Chatham, which is to be completed this year.

No pains will be spared to make the building,

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

AFTER HIS LAST TREK.

The body of ex-President Kruger has been laid to rest near Pretoria, where he reigned almost as autocrat over the Transvaal Boers. It is fitting that he should be buried in the country for which he did so much, though the picture on page 1 is pathetic, in view of the fact that he finally undid all his own work and destroyed the aspirations of his countrymen by short-sighted attempts to arrest the march of events. The Boer leaders in the great struggle with Britain attended at the graveside to do honour to the memory of their rugged old chief, "Oom Paul."

COULDN'T FACE THE CAMERA.

Some 300 members of the children's branch of Our Dumb Friends' League, in fancy costumes, danced at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, on Saturday in the good cause of kindness to animals. Among the little dancers was a four-year-old Life-guard, who was impatient to be photographed, and then, when it came to facing the camera, emphatically declined to pose.

All blandishments proved futile, the little warrior strutting back to the ballroom, where a Red Riding Hood helped him along in a valise, doubtless losing her heart in the process.

Some of the small revellers, however, were courageous enough to allow themselves to be photographed, as appears on page 1. There was some very pretty fancy dancing by pupils of Mrs. Wordsworth.

MILE END POSTERS.

Mr. Straus, the Liberal candidate for the Mile End constituency, is careful to insist that he is really standing for Free Food, and emphasises the fact by pillorying Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in numberless sensational posters, of which a few appear in the photograph on page 1. Mr. Lawson responds with the heavy artillery of his "Alien" posters, which tell with peculiar force in a district which knows the pressure of the foreign invasion at first hand. A furious poster war has thus developed, rendering the daily story of the Mile End election an unusually interesting and amusing one.

THE RIVAL MAGICIANS.

When Chung Ling Foo, the Chinese juggler at the Empire Theatre, issued a challenge offering to forfeit £1,000 if Chung Ling Soo, of the Hippodrome, could prove himself an equally adept magician, it looked as if an interesting contest was likely to take place. After elaborate preliminary arrangements a meeting was arranged to take place at the "Weekly Dispatch" office, where each of the contending parties was to give an exhibition of his skill before selected witnesses.

Chung Ling Soo duly arrived with his secretary and his little daughter, confident of victory; but, alas! Chung Ling Foo was not forthcoming. It appears he was not satisfied with the conditions of the contest. For the moment, therefore, the honours certainly rest with his rival, whose portrait appears on page 9. He is seated, and his secretary, Chai Ping, is on his right hand, little Miss Soo being on his left.

£1,000,000 IN TRANSIT.

The Jubilee presents of the late Queen Victoria, which were loaned to St. Louis for the great exhibition, have just been returned to this country, per the Atlantic transport liner Menominee. The royal treasure was packed in huge plain wooden cases, which gave no hint of the riches they contained, and when they were landed at Tilbury they were loaded on an ordinary van for conveyance to the Imperial Institute, as shown in the photograph on page 8.

The shipment of the valuable cargo carried by the Menominee was kept so close a secret that not even a hint of it reached the most enterprising of American reporters. The treasure was under the charge of Mr. Kenneth Ferrier, of Scotland Yard, and Mr. William Foster, of the Home Office, during the voyage, though the London policemen who guarded it at St. Louis returned to England in the same vessel.

NEW YEAR'S NEW STAR.

Astronomers are only slowly discovering how many satellites cluster around the luminous Star-god, Jupiter. Interest in the finding of the sixth is even stronger than that excited when the fifth was noted at the Lick observatory not so long ago.

The striking resemblances and differences between the two moons are so conspicuous and remarkable as to of themselves attract attention. Both of these moons have an estimated diameter of 100 miles, and can therefore only be perceived in the largest telescopes or in photographs.

The new moon was first observed in December, and then suspected to be a satellite of Jupiter, which was confirmed on January 4.

WORKING THE NETS IN VICTORIA PARK LAKE.



Keepers of the Angler's Association drawing the big net to the bank. The fish will be taken up the Lea in a steam barge. (See page 4.)

are treasured in public and private collections in Holland. Another popular painter, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., whose "Derby Day" is at the Tate Gallery, celebrates to-day the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth.

3,338,000 TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Speaking at the New Year gathering of the Band of Hope Union, on Saturday, Canon Fleming announced that the membership of the Union now numbered 3,338,000.

In one year, said the Canon, 189 millions had been spent on drink, of which sum the working classes spent 116 millions. If that sum had been saved we should hear less of distress among the poor.

CANARY HER ONLY MOURNER.

His suspicions aroused by the fact that the front-door had been unopened for several days, Inspector Gordon, of Dundee, entered by means of a ladder the window of a house where lived an old lady named Mrs. Harcuss.

On entering the sitting-room he found Mrs. Harcuss, who had lived a solitary life, dead in her armchair, while her only companion, a canary, was languidly pecking at the bars of its cage.

TRANSPORT OFFICER REWARDED.

In recognition of "highly meritorious service" in the Army, the King has conferred on Mr. W. Shackleton, keeper of the stores at Buckingham Palace mews, a silver medal and an extra pension.

Mr. Shackleton, whose Army service stretched over a period of forty years, was intimately concerned with all the arrangements for the embarkation of troops and materials at the Royal Albert Docks for the South African campaign.

which is situated 2,000ft. above sea-level, as healthy as possible, all the angles being rounded to prevent dirty corners, while outside will be avenues of trees which are calculated to minimise the spread of infectious disease.

BIRD NEST IN A BANANA BUNCH.

Considerable interest was aroused in Leicester Market on Saturday by the discovery of a bird's nest securely built in the middle of a huge bunch of bananas just received from Jamaica.

Several dead fledglings and one unbroken egg were found in the nest, said to be that of a humming-bird.

BEAUTIES OF CIVILISATION.

One of the pleasantest and most rural features of Kensington-gardens, a footpath across the turf, is now being converted into a hideous gravel path with the regulation iron fencing.

Similar acts of vandalism have been committed at Burnham Beeches, where roadways leading into the wood are disfigured by iron placards bearing obscure names, and the outskirts of the wood itself are dotted with high iron palings which enclose the names of civic functionaries on metal labels.

LINK WITH BURNS.

Admirers of the Scottish national poet will learn with interest that there is living at Monkton, in Ayrshire, an old lady, named Mrs. Morrison, who was well acquainted with many persons whose names have been immortalised by Burns.

Among these, Mrs. Morrison, who is nearing her ninety-seventh birthday, well remembers Anna Ronald, who was a "flame" of the poet's, as he himself acknowledged in his poem, "The Ronalds o' the Bennals."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

"O.K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O.K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O.K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O.K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O.K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O.K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1905.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

WE are very glad to see that Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., who has worked so hard to keep the Alien Evil to the fore, now takes the view which the *Daily Mirror*—alone among daily newspapers—has expressed: the view, namely, that it is not enough to stop criminal and diseased foreigners from settling among us.

The case he has just quoted at Mile End of fourteen British workmen being turned off by a shoemaking firm in Hackney because aliens were ready to do their work at a lower wage, should suffice of itself to convince the country that the measure proposed by the Government does not go far enough. If anyone still doubts, the testimony we are able to add this morning must surely clinch the matter beyond all argument.

We publish an article written by a working tailor in Whitechapel. He explains how the wretched specimens of humanity from Russia or Poland come here and get work simply by dint of offering their labour for as little as the "sweater" likes to give for it. They live on next to nothing in indescribable squalor. After a while they become "sweaters" themselves, and send for more of their kind to work under them. So the mischief grows and grows every day.

How is it possible for British working men and women to compete with creatures who are content to exist under any conditions, however loathsome and degrading, so long as they can be sure of a little food and "somewhere to sleep"—very often the shop in which they have been working all day? By permitting such harpies to prey upon the vitals of our own people we are positively manufacturing unemployed.

A SHADOW GONE.

Ever since some uncomfortable scientific person put forth the theory that kissing was unwholesome, and tended to spread disease, there has hung a cloud over lovers' lips. They have not abandoned the practice, we understand, but they have indulged in it with a timid air, thinking, in spite of themselves, about the possible consequences.

The notion was that the mouth harboured a larger number of bacilli than any other part of the body, and that kisses caused them to transfer themselves from the kisser to the kissée, and vice versa. Now, however, a delightful physician, also French, has turned the tables upon the Gorgon, the kill-joy, the common enemy who started that chilling, inhuman idea.

It is quite true, admits this Friend of Man (and Woman) that kisses carry microbes. But so much the better! *Vivent les bacilles!* For these bacteria which have their habitations in mouths and lips are good bacteria, not bad ones—bacteria without which we could not digest or breathe regularly or live healthily at all.

So kissing is in season once again, and must henceforth be regarded in a more favourable light than ever. It is not only a pleasure, but a duty. Who knows but that "To be kissed twice every half-hour" may not soon be a recognised doctor's prescription for all sorts of ills.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The man who sees clear into his own designs generally obtains the end he proposes to himself, and at the same time gains reputation and honour.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD FITZWILLIAM, whose name is on everybody's lips just now in connection with his mysterious yachting accident, has had alarming adventures before now, but never at sea. They have always happened on the hunting field, where he spends a great deal of his time. Once, indeed, he had so serious a fall that reports of his death were circulated, and Lord Fitzwilliam had the pleasure, which is granted to so few, of reading his own obituary notices in several London papers. On the whole, he found them very complimentary.

Even as an infant, Lord Fitzwilliam had a narrow escape from death. His father and mother were on

a visit to Canada, and the house they were staying in caught fire. The late Earl died of the injuries then received, and the present one, who does not remember the incident, was got out of the place with difficulty. He is now one of the wealthiest peers in England, a great mine owner, an ardent sportsman, very youthful in appearance, and a wearer of the most irreproachable and most carefully thought-out collars.

Lady Fitzwilliam, like her husband, leaves one with an impression of youthfulness. She is a pretty, graceful woman, with a great taste for riding and cycling. She is also an enthusiast about dancing—or perhaps one should call it "calisthenics"—and sometimes consents to dance alone for the delight of country-house parties and her

intimate friends. She entertains a good deal in her enormous house, Wentworth, in Yorkshire. The guests there, if they are new-comers, are supposed to be handed packets of coloured paper strewn in the passages and guide them back to their distant rooms, which they could never find unaided!

There appears to be a perfect epidemic of accidents in society just now. The latest victim is the Duchess of Sutherland, whose fearless horsemanship very often leads her into danger. The Duchess spends nearly all her time nowadays in the country. She is the luckiest duchess in the world, one is inclined to think, for she is mistress of three of the most beautiful houses in England—of Trentham, which is a palace, in Staffordshire; of Lilleshall, in Shropshire; and of that historic and enormous Stafford House, in London.

Queen Victoria, according to a well-known story, once visited Stafford House, and was received by a former Duchess of Sutherland with the words, "Welcome to my poor house." "I come from my house to visit your palace," said the Queen—and certainly Stafford House is worthy of the name. It has an enormous hall, a marble staircase, a picture-gallery—everything wonderfully palatial. Yet the Duchess does not seem to care for the ceremony which seems involved in living there, and she only visits it for a short time in the season.

It is surprising to hear that a receiving order in bankruptcy has been made against Mr. Caton Woodville. One is accustomed to think of him as amongst the most successful of contemporary artists. Anyhow, he is certainly one of the most hard-working, though he works, indeed, in sports rather than continuously. He was asked once to do some important drawings in a hurry for an illustrated paper. He began work at seven o'clock on a certain Saturday morning, and continued until two o'clock the next morning—nineteen hours without a rest! Such powers of "sticking to it" ought to make a man a millionaire.

Mr. Woodville in his battle pictures takes one into the very midst of powder and shot. Their reality comes from the actual experience of the painter. He has been into the most perilous places in order to get material. He thinks himself that his most gruesome experience occurred during the last Turkish war in Montenegro. He was asleep, wrapped up in a rug, in the open air. As he slept he felt conscious of an oppression, an unpleasantness which he took for nightmare. But he woke up in a moment to discover that there was cause for fear indeed, for the hideous face of a Turk about to cut his throat was looking down upon him.

Mr. Woodville managed to get the better of the Turk, however, and you may see the knife, that might have been fatal to him, hanging now in his comfortable drawing-room in Queen's-gate. He went to Algeria soon after that adventure, and had a more comic experience with an Arab who wanted to get an inexpensive picture out of him. In order to get Mr. Woodville to consent to his price, he asked him to lunch, and deluged him with champagne. After several glasses had been drunk the Arab made his request. It was refused. Whereupon the Arab turned abruptly to the servants and gave the order, "No more champagne." But he did not get his picture even then.

Cricket, like the poor, is more or less always with us. In the summer everybody plays it, and in the winter everybody prepares for the summer. Mr. A. C. MacLaren, who has been suggesting in "Wisden" that wickets are too well prepared nowadays to give the bowlers a chance, does not spend his winter, however, in practising. He does not believe in doing the same thing all the year round, and may be found just now farming, cutting wood, and doing pleasant miscellaneous things remote from cricket in his home in Hampshire. He finds a rest in the country almost a necessity after the excitement and publicity which are his fate during the cricketing months.

Mr. MacLaren looks wonderfully fit in spite of his labours as captain of the Lancashire eleven. He is curiously like another cricketer—Mr. L. H. Gay—who is sometimes taken for him when they are "on tour" together. Once at an evening party he belonged to Mr. MacLaren by right. The latter determined to pay Mr. Gay back, and he got his chance a little later when they were out riding together. Mr. MacLaren is no horseman and his animal bolted. But when the affair got into the papers he was careful to see that Mr. Gay was sympathised with as a beginner on horseback, and not he!

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 9.—The garden has had its beauty sleep. To-day it slumbers more soundly than ever. But before many weeks have passed spring-dreams will disturb its rest.

Christmas roses are now at their best. How I wish I had whole borders of them! If wanted for indoor decoration it is a good plan to pick the flowers before they are fully expanded.

Small beds of bulbs may now be covered with a thin layer of cocoanut shavings. This is done it will find the beds look neat, and prevent the rain from splashing the flowers with soil.

WHICH IS THE REAL REASON (IF EITHER)?



MRS. BRITANNIA: You boys have been beaten. I see. How's that?
JOSEPH: This duffer, Arthur, won't go fast enough.
ARTHUR: It's Joseph's fault for trying to go too fast.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

President Castro, of Venezuela.

DOES he mean to go to war with the United States? If he does, it would be just like him. He seems to revel in trouble, and he does as he likes with the Venezuelans.

It is only about two years since he was being caricatured in all our comic papers, and lectured in all our serious ones, for refusing to pay up the interest on the foreign loans to Venezuela, and defying Britain and Germany with a light heart. Now he is playing the same game with the United States. The obscure half-caste has, in fact, made a world-wide reputation for himself.

His influence with his countrymen is boundless. He is a veritable autocrat, and the state and economy he keeps up would be no disgrace to the Tsar. Most of his revenue, and that of Venezuela—one and the same thing—is produced by the simple means of taking hold of a rich man and telling him how much he has got to pay.

He does not look like the autocrat he is. He is a little, dark man, with a short, black beard, a heavy moustache and not much hair; but his eyes can flash and he sticks out his chin in a way which is very fierce.

It is when he is talking that he is at his best. His voice is high and reedy, and his gestures are wild and excited, but he can talk any man on the Continent into the belief that he, Castro, is the future ruler of a United South America which will rival the United States.

At present, however, he has to reckon with the United States Navy; the few gunboats which Venezuela possesses can hardly hope to rival that

THE 'MIRROR' UP TO NATURE.

Where Has the Winter Gone?

HAVE you ever known such a delightfully short winter? "asked the Pekin goose of the cornorant yesterday on the Regent's Park lake.

And there really was ground for his question. The cornorant had had plenty of experience of the English climate, but he did not feel called upon to say anything. For one reason he was not quite sure himself. It really was too springlike.

Even the trees seemed to have made the same mistake. Near the boathouse, in a sheltered corner, a lilac bush had actually begun to put out delicate little green buds, and the wild parsley near its roots was gaily sprouting.

Out in the open, the grass, which ought to have known better, was shooting up, green and bright. The lessons it had learned so often—that it should keep as close to the ground as possible and be brown and still—were quite forgotten. It was shining, the wind was warm; obviously spring had come. What a delightfully short winter!

But the most deceived of all were the hobbledehoy swans. They sailed about, half-brown, half-white in colour, and tried to look as knowing as the old white birds. "Is this the horrid winter you have been telling us about? It's just like old people to make a fuss about nothing. Why, we now it's over."

Even the cornorant and his wife as they sailed past did not contradict them. "Young things are always so cocksure," they said to each other. And they weren't sure that, after all, those pebbled young swans were not right.



"OVER THE STICKS" AT GATWICK.



The Horley Hurdle Race, which was won by Mr. J. Coleman's *Revera*, with *Ulster Boy* and *Highway* second and third. Our photographer caught the competitors at the first hurdle.

BRENTFORD v. READING.



In this match at Griffin Park, Brentford, neither side was able to score, the match thus resulting in a draw. Our photograph shows Reading pressing hard.

KENT BEATS "THE REST."



Before a crowd of some sixteen thousand last season's champion county, Kent, beat a team of the Rest of England by 2 goals (10 points) to 2 tries (6 points) at the Rectory Ground, Blackheath, on Saturday.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

THE GALE AT SCARBOROUGH—NOR



All that is left of the North Promenade Pier at Scarborough. The extreme seaward end of £25,000, and was built of iron, supported on huge iron pillars. Eight hund

£1,000,000 IN A CART-LOAD OF PACKING-CASES.



Some of Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents, which were exhibited at the great St. Louis have just been landed at Tilbury. Their estimated value is upwards of £1,000,000, and guarded by a special force of London policemen during their absence abroad. — (Copyright Mirror.)

TH PROMENADE PIER WASHED AWAY.



pier, which supports a fine pavilion, is still standing, though it is much damaged. The pier cost feet of heavy ironwork was destroyed by the waves.—(King, Scarborough.)

CHUNG LING SOO, TRIUMPHANT WIZARD.



Chung Ling Soo accepted the challenge of Ching Ling Foo for a trial of skill, the losing party to forfeit £1,000. A meeting was accordingly arranged at the "Weekly Dispatch" office, but the challenger failed to appear, and "Soo," whose portrait is above, seems at present master of the field.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

NEWS VIEWS

THE WORK OF THE GALE AT SCARBOROUGH.



The entrance to the pier from the parade, which is all that is left uninjured of the fine North Promenade Pier at Scarborough.



The great seas wrought enormous destruction along the sea front. Iron railings and lamp standards were twisted like reeds, and in many cases completely washed away, while stone and concrete blocks were torn from their foundations by the fury of the waves.



The North Promenade Pier was utterly destroyed with the exception of the pavilion at the seaward end, which was very badly damaged. Not a foot of it is left standing at the shore end, as may be seen from the photograph, which shows the sea front of the pier entrance buildings.

THE SINGLE LIFE.

Unmarried Woman's Burden of
Other People's Troubles.

A HEAVY HANDICAP.

By EVELYN SHARP.

One of the chief disadvantages of being single, if you are a woman, is that it gives you such a lot to do.

If you are married and have ever such a small family—just one baby, for instance—nobody dreams of asking you to do any of the world's work that is always waiting to be done by somebody or another. I do not mean that there are no married women who do things, sometimes even useful things, outside their nursery and their kitchen; for I know some who do. But they are never really expected to do them, and they always get thanked out of all proportion to the value of what they have done.

The unmarried woman, on the contrary, is supposed to have time for everything. She probably conducts a business, pursues an art or a craft, or in some way earns her living, or, at any rate, justifies her existence; but none of these things, each as absorbing as the household cares and duties of any average married woman, will ever prevent all the useless, unsuccessful, and helpless members of her family and of her acquaintance from leaning on her for everything, encroaching helplessly on her time, if not on her purse.

CHARITABLE WEAKNESS.

She may bring it on herself; she very often does. Weakness and not nobility is responsible for much that passes for charity in everyday life. But my point is that, unless a woman were single, she would never be asked to help to patch up all the rents that circumstance has made in other people's lives. And with any woman of heart—which means nearly every woman—it should be remembered that to ask is to have.

The married themselves are among the offenders. I never know, having always been single myself, whether it is because her husband encourages her to tell the story of her life at every opportunity, or whether it is because he has sternly refused ever to let her be mentioned in his presence again, that the married woman has such a passion for spreading herself out, as it were, to the unmarried. I only know that when she comes and tells me, as she sometimes does, that she envies nothing in the world so much as my solitude. I have the greatest inclination to point out to her that as long as there are married women in the world the unmarried will never know that such a thing as solitude exists.

Some people might argue, no doubt, that to have one's sphere of usefulness extended beyond the home is a very grand and splendid privilege. Perhaps it is. But it is no use pretending that one would not exchange the most magnificent privileges in the world for the comfortable security possessed by every married woman that her husband will not allow her to be imposed upon by any logic of this kind.

I really see no reason why grand and splendid privileges should be confined to spinsterhood. I, for one, would gladly share them with any woman who feels that the married state is limiting her sphere of usefulness. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, in fact, than to exchange my unlimited opportunities of working myself to death for the chance of being useless in a really nice man's comfortable home. But, then, I never pretend for a moment that I am single because I do not want to be married.

IDEALS BELONG TO SPINSTERS.

In spite of the revelations of the married, which have effectually prevented my many years of spinsterhood from being either lonely or dull, I still maintain my ideals. And the possession of ideals is the almost inevitable accompaniment of spinsterhood. That is why it is only a pose to pretend that we have not married because we prefer to be single.

We have not married in most cases because we started life with an ideal, and the ideal did not become real, and we lacked courage to marry without it. Some, it is true, do meet their ideal; and we talk of marriages that have been made in heaven. But the rest, and they are the majority, have to choose between marrying without their ideal or not marrying at all. And the same lack of courage that makes us hesitate to join hands with someone who is not the one man we set out to find in our teens makes us pretend that we have not married because we did not want to.

If any unmarried woman is inclined to disagree with me on this point, I can only refer her to her own feelings on one of her plain days.

Every woman may not have ideals, but every woman has her plain days. Of course, there are degrees of plainness; but the most beautiful woman in the world knows what it is to have a plain day. And a really bitter disadvantage of being unmarried is that there is no one on whom one may rely for encouragement on one's plain days.

The single woman can keep going somehow as long as she can retain a tolerably good opinion of herself; but a look in the glass on some beautiful morning to make her lose every scrap of vanity she ever possessed. That is when a husband would be

invaluable. Of course, one has friends. But the mere friend is generally craning her neck to get a view of herself in the same looking-glass; and under these circumstances what weight could be attached to her abstracted assurance that one is looking "perfectly sweet, of course"? I do not say that a husband would necessarily be less inaccurate in his criticism; but his inaccuracy would have more point.

This may seem a trivial reason for wanting a husband; but any woman will acknowledge that it is a reason that goes straight to the root of things. Besides, I am only dealing with trivial reasons. The real big reasons can take care of themselves. That is why the only disadvantage, really, of being single is that one is not married.

EVELYN SHARP.

VARIOUS VIEWS.

Married and Single Sing The Praises of
Their Own State.

MIND WHOM YOU MARRY.

If a man is married to an amiable woman, and is not too selfish himself, he will get all the happiness he desires from married life.

But, if married to a "nagging" woman, one of the kind who can see faults in everybody but herself, then life is not worth living. Moral—Mind whom you marry.

FORTUNATE IN LOVE.

Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire.

A LOVELESS MARRIAGE.

I am separated from my wife after three years of married misery. I have met a woman whom I love

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia and the
Duchess of Hesse Secretly Married.

Love will find a way. The former Grand Duchess of Hesse and her cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, have, it is said, married in spite of the Tsar, and now are awaiting his forgiveness.

The story of their love is one of the most romantic which has happened in the Courts of Europe, where love matches are rare and weddings are matters of State.

The Grand Duke Cyril when a boy of sixteen fell in love with his cousin, a girl of the same age, but a year after she was married to the Duke of Hesse—a marriage of State.

The marriage was not for a moment likely to be a success. They had absolutely nothing in common. He is a musician, a person of eccentric habits. She, a woman of military instincts and the highest spirits. He likes to spend hours of the day in bed, doing elaborate embroidery. She is a keen sportswoman, at home in the saddle, and a good shot.

The inevitable divorce followed, and the Grand Duke Cyril began again to pay his attentions to his cousin. But the Tsar at once forbade the marriage.

Then came the war, and the Grand Duke Cyril, a lieutenant in the Navy, was ordered to Port Arthur. There he miraculously escaped with his life in the disaster to the Russian battleship *Petrovsk*, which was blown up.

In recognition of the sufferings through which he had gone, the Tsar at first relented and the

IN SPITE OF THE TSAR.



The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia and the former Grand Duchess of Hesse, who are said to have been secretly married, in defiance of the command of the Tsar.

and could be happy with. The woman loves me, although she is quite aware that I am separated from my wife. I can leave your readers to imagine the state of my feelings.

Marry the woman you love and who loves you, or remain single.

A BLIGHTED CAREER.

WOMEN WHO OUGHT NOT TO MARRY.

Married life cannot be very happy if a man has got such a wife as "A Married Friend of Bachelors," who cares more for the company of single men than for that of her husband.

Women of this disposition, who cannot find husband and home a comfort, ought not to get married. Then there would not be so many divorces.

LEICESTER.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

DISCONTENT IN BOTH STATES.

Single life to those who really long for marriage, and find singleness painful and irksome, is a continual sore.

Marriage to those who have no wish for its pleasures and responsibilities is 'tiresome all the time.

The unfortunate thing is that so many of the latter kind of people are married, and that so many of the former kind are not.

AUBURN SPENCE.

Harcourt House, Newhaven.

A SONNET ON THE SUBJECT.

Can single life that's lonely happy be?
Yes, if you live for others far and near;
In single days one often gains friends dear,
Who share all joys and sorrows willingly
Beneath contentment's peaceful canopy.
Good circumstances make each case appear
That single bliss can find no true compeer:
Some love to live the life from whom some flee.
If noble thoughts our minds retain which send
Forth sunny rays then solitude's unknown,
No lamentations from our hearts ascend,
And single life no lonely moments own.
But give to me a home and loving wife,
And love to make me supreme the perfect life.

GEORGE FRANCIS GREEN.

WHAT THE WORLD

IS SAYING TO-DAY.

Healthy 1904.

On the whole, 1904 was a good year so far as public health was concerned. The great metropolises did not suffer any great epidemic, and the death-rate for a considerable portion of the year was below the average for the last ten years.—*The Sanitary Record.*

Women Hate Economy.

The simple suggestion of economy is obnoxious to woman. She imagines it to be a reflection upon her powers of management—the common theory of management being to "run" the house as cheaply as she can, and to save as much as is possible out of the house-keeping money to add to her dress allowance.—*London Opinion.*

Food of the Future.

"Before many more decades have passed the entire conditions of life may be changed. There will be no more shepherds or husbandmen. In place of the farms of to-day we shall have factories in which artificial foods will be produced, more savoury and easier of digestion and assimilation than any of the products which Nature furnishes.—*Professor Berthelot, the great French scientist, in the "Strand Magazine."*

Dan Leno and the Pantomimes.

Probably the death of Dan Leno is one of the causes of the protest against the music-hall drooleries of the pantomimes. So long as the burden of this kind of fun rested upon him no one could be seriously offended, because so rare and radiant was his nature that he could handle pitch all day and never be defied. But Dan Leno gone, the bare ugliness of the jokes about drunkenness, and all the rest of the music-hall seaminess, are only too apparent.—*The Sphere.*

The Decay of Dancing.

It is easy enough to laugh over the department lessons which formed part of our grandmothers' education, and to jest at the old-fashioned courtesies of the contemporary menfolk, but a peep into a ballroom of the present day cannot but convince those who have fair minds that we have too generally lost the art of dancing and repose of manner. That we can over again either seems impossible as we watch the weird gyrations and boorish behaviour of present-day dancers.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

"HEALER" OR QUACK?

Several Testimonies to "Dr." Bodie's
Curative Powers.

My little boy, Thomas Jacobs, has been treated by "Dr." Bodie on three different occasions, but I cannot see any improvement in him yet.

39, Maplin-street, E. T. JACOBS.

TEN YEARS' TREATMENT FOR PARALYSIS.

My brother had been paralysed for fifteen years, and had attended all the leading hospitals for ten years. When "Dr." Bodie was at the Britannia, Hoxton, six months, he went and saw him, and now he is walking about and working.

Stoke Newington. R. A.

GIVEN UP BY HOSPITALS.

At eleven years old, my daughter, Florence Bedford (now seventeen and a half), developed curvature of the spine. She was treated by three private doctors (names enclosed), and at four hospitals (King's College, Great Ormond-street, Bart's, and the City Orthopedic) without result.

Lastly, she saw "Dr." Bodie two months since, went under his treatment, discarded instrument four weeks ago, and is feeling better now than for past six years, and the back is actually much less deformed.

24, President-street, Goswell-road. J. BEDFORD.

CURED AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

I wish to quote an instance of "Dr." Bodie's curing in my own family.

My cousin had been paralysed for twenty-five years, having no use whatever in her left leg. She went to see "Dr." Bodie last Easter, to see if he could cure her.

He put her through his treatment, and now she is as well as she has ever been in her life, and can walk without the aid of any instrument whatever. This, I might say, not a solitary instance, but one of many in the district in which I live.

Lever-street, E.C. ARTHUR GRAFTON.

COULD HE BE PROSECUTED?

I was some time back in communication with the Medical Council with a view of proceedings being taken against Bodie. The secretary suggested my laying the facts before the London and Counties Medical Protection Society, Limited, which I accordingly did.

The following was the reply received:—"In the present state of the law it is very difficult to bring medical impostors to book."

CHARLES DOODY.

Haringey, N.

"SWEATING" AS A FINE ART.

How the Alien Tailor Makes His Way.

A SORDID HISTORY.

Told By a British Worker from His Own East End Experience.

[Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., has just given one concrete example of English labour being displaced by foreign at a Hackney shoe factory. In this interesting article, a working East End tailor explains exactly why British workers at his trade are unable to compete with the alien sweaters and sweatshops who abound in such numbers in Stepney, Whitechapel, and Mile End.]

In reviewing the subject of alien immigration as viewed from the standpoint of a working man of many years' experience, and who has had every opportunity of seeing the whole process of converting the alien pauper into the full-blown sweating manufacturer, I have been struck by the opinions of many correspondents of the daily papers who seem to have but a glimmering of the real facts. I should like to try and enlighten them on the subject.

Let us take, for instance, the case of a manufacturer who, having been here for a few years and established a business, finds himself in want of cheaper labour. Looking around among his competitors for a few "greeners" (the term for a freshly-arrived alien), he visits one or the other of the centres where they are in the habit of congregating.

The neighbourhood of Middlesex-street (formerly called Petticoat-lane) provides several street corners where the unemployed Jews are to be found. Making known his wants to them, he is quickly surrounded by a crowd eager for work. From this number he selects as many as he wants.

Very often the only inducement offered in the way of wages is food and "somewhere to sleep." I have known of many instances where the bed has consisted of a sack spread over the cuttings

under the cutting-table. The food consisting principally of black bread and fish, with perhaps a shilling or so a week for pocket-money thrown in.

Sometimes, if the "greener" has any ready cash (which seldom happens), he will actually pay a fellow-countryman who is in employment a couple of pounds, and give, say, a month's work free—the man for whom he works being responsible for the work when finished. After that time he

MAJOR EVANS-GORDON, M.P.,



Who is boldly carrying on the anti-alien agitation.—(Beresford.)

begins to earn a wage not averaging more than 10s. a week, for, say, about twelve months. And then he generally begins to work as a journeyman on his own account.

First, he obtains a sewing-machine on the hire system and a piece of cloth, and sets to work to make a sample almost the exact counterpart of what his late employer has been making. With this he goes to the manufacturer, offering to produce it at a reduction on the price that his late

employer has been paid. The consequence is that when this man's late employer goes in for more work he is told that a man has been in with a garment exactly similar to his own at a lower price, and that if he does not like to take that lower price he will get no more work. Nine times out of ten the lower price is accepted.

By this time he generally begins to think that it will be cheaper to get a relative over here from Russia or the locality he himself hails from. So, getting a passage-ticket from one of the shipping offices that abound in the East End, he forwards it to some relative, who smuggles himself to the frontier, and finally arrives here and proceeds to repeat the operations of the one that sent for him.

Perhaps this new one has left a wife and children at home. In that case he begins to save money by living in a manner in which no English working man could live—or would if he could. Often his expenditure does not exceed six shillings a week. He will sleep, for instance, with seven or eight others in a small room in a low Yiddish lodging-house in a state of filth which is indescribable. Thus he manages to send home the equivalent of six or eight shillings a week to enable his wife and family to join him.

WHAT ALIENS EXIST ON.

And as a family in the district from which he comes can manage to exist comfortably (for them) on 12s. a month, the report goes round the district that "our Abraham" or "our Isaac" is doing so well in England that he can afford to send home every week to his people nearly as much as he could earn in a month in his own country.

Then, knowing nothing of the cost of living in this country, his acquaintances begin to try and get to England so as to participate in the prosperity which they feel sure awaits them. Thus they arrive by hundreds only to find they have come to swell the already enormous number of their countrymen who are walking the London streets utterly destitute, and who have to eke out a miserable existence by begging, lapsing into crime, and helping to fill our prisons and charitable institutions.

Nor is this all, for by the dodges I have detailed a class is formed not only eager, but willing to work for a mere pittance, which enables the foreign maker to produce goods at a price with which our own people are unable to compete. Consequently our own workmen are left unemployed and starving as a direct result of the unfair competition brought to bear upon them by this unwarrantable influx of pauper aliens into a country which is, so far as work is concerned, already far too overcrowded.

had stretched a hand from the grave to punish her. Until that moment her curious, hidden love for him had never faltered; but now she felt resentful, angry.

"Are you perfectly certain?" asked Mordaunt, "that you saw him at Weston? You could not have been mistaken in the man?"

"Oh, no, sir, I saw him." "But only a few days before that," cried Mordaunt, "I know, positively, that he was laid up in the Pyrenees. He had a broken arm."

"His arm was in a sling, sir," said Jane Brown. "This woman, who measured every word which she ever uttered about anything, would have made what the lawyers call a perfect witness. She never volunteered one more word than was necessary to answer the question."

Mordaunt ran quickly over in his mind the oft-repeated details of the evidence. He thought,

He was prepared to condone forgery and robbery in order to protect the honourable name of Gascoyne, but he was not prepared to go so far as to ignore murder.

Within three hours the machinery of the law had been set in motion for the capture of Harold Somerton; but the now eagerly-impatient Mordaunt foresaw possible long delays.

"It is you that we must all look to—you and your staff," he said to the detective.

"I understand," answered Warner confidently. "I have followed the case of Mr. Deverill with a great deal of interest. You changed your mind very quick, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I had the best of reasons," answered Mordaunt, "for not wishing the arrest of Somerton to be connected with the matter of Brasser's will. Now that a deeper and graver suspicion rests upon him those objections must fall. Mr. Warner, you have

"A MAN IN A MILLION"—Drama of Love and Mystery.

"A Man in a Million," the powerful new serial story which will commence in the *Daily Mirror* on Wednesday, is one of the most enthralling romances of love and mystery of modern times.

Mr. Heath Hosken and Miss Coralie Stanton, the authors, have weaved round one of the greatest problems of life a story that will enhance the reputation they have achieved by their successful novels, "Scarlet Lies" and "A Widow by Choice."

"A Man in a Million" is a story of real life. Real men and women figure in its pages. Mr. Heath Hosken and Miss Coralie Stanton know human nature in all its varied forms. They have studied life in many climes. Incessant travellers, they have searched out new characters in Florence and the sleepy little walled cities of Northern Italy, in Sicily and Spain, and on the Riviera and in the "rooms" at Monte Carlo.

Knowledge is the secret of their success. It is knowledge of humanity that has made it possible for them to interest millions of readers of both sexes.

In the new story which commences in Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* they have conceived a tense study of passion and love, free of any vulgar sensation, yet vibrant with life, interest, and incident.

among other things, of the gun which had been set down on the side of each gate. A man, he said to himself, who had the use of only one arm would have had to do just that thing.

"When and where did you see him?" he asked suddenly.

"Before breakfast. I went to the train to get the newspaper, sir—he was waiting. He looked tired; his clothes were muddy." "Why didn't you tell somebody all this long ago?"

"Why should I, sir? I did not think of his having anything to do with Mr. Brasser's death. I did not know until you told me that he had anything to do with Mr. Brasser's money."

The detective turned to Mordaunt with a significant look.

"Is it still your wish," he asked, "that a warrant should not be issued for this man Somerton?"

"It must be applied for immediately," answered Mordaunt without hesitation.

a great task before you. What you have to do is to find evidence, within five days, which will connect the man on the Weston platform with the murder."

"That's about right," answered the detective. "I shall get it, if it is to be had—if he is guilty, I mean. It does not matter, for the moment, whether we get the chap himself or not."

"The very point," replied Mordaunt; "don't think of the man at all. What is wanted is some proof, on the strength of which a reprieve can be got for Deverill."

"Right you are," said the detective as he hurried away.

A strange revolution had been worked in the mind of Mordaunt by the new and sudden turn which the affair had taken; and yet he admitted to himself that the position had not really been changed. He had been certain that Deverill was innocent—and yet he had been prepared to allow Deverill to suffer the punishment. He had known

THE CONQUERING CHILD.

There Are Now More Entertainments in London for Children Than Ever Before.

There is a famous man who says he has never tasted a ripe peach. When he was a child, the "grown-ups" ate them. Now he is a "grown-up" in his turn the ripe ones are kept for the children. The modern child certainly does have a wonderful time. There are more entertainments for children nowadays than there are for the "grown-ups."

London at the present moment is almost monopolised by children's plays, pantomimes, and circuses.

The Coliseum, with its galloping horses and country scenes, is a children's entertainment. The Hippodrome, with its spectacle of "Butterflies in Fairyland" and its performing animals, is another. Even the music-halls have come into the new and the new Empire ballet is for the children, so are the matinees at the Alhambra.

Then the Royal Italian Circus, at Hengler's, is of course a children's performance pure and simple.

At the Garrick Theatre, "Little Black Sambo" is making innumerable children shriek with delight every afternoon. "Peter Pan" is having the same effect at the Duke of York's Theatre, and "Snow and the Seven Little Men" at the Royalty, is not far behind.

At the Crystal Palace there is "The Babes in the Wood" and a circus. There is another circus at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Drury Lane is giving the much-discussed "White Cat."

Grand, Islington, "Babes in the Wood."

King's, Hammersmith, "Red Riding Hood."

Broadway, New Cross, "Dick Whittington."

Alexandra, Stoke Newington, "Cinderella."

Marlow, Holloway, "Aldibon."

Pavilion, Mile End, "Dick Whittington."

Brixton Theatre, Aldin.

Elephant and Castle, "Puss in Boots."

Richmond, "Cinderella."

Woolwich, "Beauty and the Beast."

Kennal, "Aladdin."

Coronet, "Red Riding Hood."

Camden, "Robinson Crusoe."

Fulham, "The Three Little Pigs."

Crown, Peckham, "Cinderella."

Shakespeare, Battersea, "Dick Whittington."

Dalston, "Sinbad."

Royal, West London, Edgware-road, "Babes in the Wood."

that somebody else must have done it. So long as that somebody was vague, indefinite, it had seemed to Mordaunt that he was justified in permitting Deverill to go silently to his doom. Now, however, that there were good grounds for suspecting a particular individual everything seemed altered.

He blamed himself now, in the light of a clearer day, that he had ever gone to Deverill with Rosamond Gascoyne's letter. He blamed himself bitterly for having destroyed that letter. He foresaw now a hard duty before him. It was hardly likely that evidence against Somerton could be found in the few short days that intervened before the date fixed for the execution of Richard Deverill. If that evidence were not discovered Mordaunt knew that his duty compelled him to go to the Home Secretary. Almost certain, as he himself was, of the guilt of Harold Somerton, certain as he was of the innocence of Richard Deverill, should he be able to convince the Secretary that there was sufficient ground for a reprieve? He doubted it very much. Everything rested upon the weight of his own personal power.

The days went by with an ever-increasing rapidity. Mordaunt had felt obliged to break through Deverill's injunction, to visit the latter once more, but he did not dare to awaken the prisoner's hopes by telling him of the clue which had been found. He did not intend that he had come to the irrevocable determination to make every attempt to secure a reprieve.

It was with some relief that Deverill heard the curious story of the disposition of Brasser's fortune.

"Thank God," he said, "that I have nothing to do with it now."

He was grateful to Mordaunt for his thoughtfulness in having asked Jane Brown to forgive him the debt of £20,000—grateful to Jane Brown for having promptly accepted the suggestion.

"A fellow doesn't like to think," he said, "that he is going to leave the world insolvent. There'll be a few thousands left now—keep them for the boy, Mordaunt."

The hours rushed by on rapid wings—and nothing was discovered. Mordaunt saw the detective every day, and each time there was the same report.

"We cannot," said Warner, "see to supply the link. No one saw this man Somerton near the house that night. If he be really guilty, he left only the tracks which led us to let us know that he had led to Deverill. The man himself is not in England. We have watched all his haunts."

At last came the final day. Twenty-four hours only elapsed before the execution of Richard Deverill. Mordaunt had secured his appointment with the Home Secretary, but looked forward to the meeting with only a slight hope. His reasons for asking for a reprieve were too vague, too indefinite. He waited by arrangement in his room until the last minute. It was at that minute that Warner came.

"You must drive with me towards the Home Office," said Mordaunt. "I haven't a minute to lose."

(Continued on page 13.)

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Missing Clerk.

Mr. Warner, the detective, ushered thus unexpectedly into the presence of a very attractive looking young lady, and of a wrinkled woman whom he guessed immediately to be her maid, looked at Miss Elton with some surprise. His astonishment grew when he was presented to Jane Brown, and was told that she was, no doubt, the legal heiress of all Mr. Brasser's fortune.

"She has produced a will," said Mordaunt, which I have not the slightest doubt can be legally proved. Before very long she will be firmly in the saddle. In the meantime, I have heard from Miss Brown only this instant information of the very greatest importance—information which requires prompt action, which has changed all my views about the arrest of Mr. Somerton. His presence in that neighbourhood, at that time, is suspicious in the extreme. I should have thought little of it two hours ago—on an hour ago. Now that I know he was the accomplice of Skerrett, that puts quite a new face on affairs, that supplies a motive, a great motive. No living man could have had as much reason to wish for the death of Homer Brasser as Somerton had. That death meant for him the unmolested enjoyment of his ill-got wealth. Brasser dead, who was to pursue him? Who was to follow Skerrett?"

There was silence for an instant, broken at last by Miss Elton.

"That man," she said, "is capable of any crime—but another has been convicted, sentenced. Can you tell me that your boasted laws have made such a mistake as that? I know something of Mr. Deverill, too, and he is a dark secret in his life."

"Yes, yes," cried Mordaunt, "there may be, but he was not tried for that—he—"

Mordaunt stopped short in some confusion.

As a matter of fact, it was just that for which Deverill had been tried.

"I wish you every success in finding out the truth," said Miss Elton. "But I must go now. I can be of no further service."

Jane Brown prepared to follow her mistress.

"No, Jane," said Miss Elton, "you have other things to attend to for the moment. Come to me when you have finished, and we will arrange our matters."

For so many years had Jane Brown been accustomed to adjust her movements to suit the convenience of others that, left alone here, independent, consulted as one who had a will of her own, she felt absolutely lost. She considered that in this accidentally leaving her his fortune Brasser

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The charming gown illustrated above is made of shell-pink satin shaded to white, with a flounce of point d'Alençon lace on the skirt looped up by chiffon roses, and on the bodice more lace and roses, and deep damask velvet ribbon round the sleeves threaded through diamante buckles.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I reckon," said the detective, as they ran down the stairs, "your task will be easier than you think."

"You've found out something, then?" cried Mordaunt, as they jumped into a hansom.

"Yes, I've found Clark."

"Does that help us—does he really know anything?"

He looked eagerly into the impassive face of his companion.

"He knows a lot," answered the detective, as he lighted, with great deliberation, a fat green cigar. "He's been in hospital here in London all the time. I had a search made through the lot. The old idiot wandered away in a flurry, came up to town, and was taken ill. He had nothing on him to show his name or address, and he seems to have thought that he had only one duty in life—which was to hide himself away. I've had no end of trouble, even now, to get him to open his lips. When he did, his first words upset all my theories, for the moment. He was off his head that night, was watching and waiting about, even after all the row was over and Brasser had gone—then he saw his master stealing out of the house. Now that's

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a rum thing, isn't it? Deverill swore, you know, that he was in bed, asleep, all that night. It astonished me."

The detective paused and puffed meditatively at his cigar as he looked straight ahead of him down the road.

As Deverill's absence from the house that night was no news to Mordaunt, he merely shrugged his shoulders—and waited.

"In the morning," continued the detective, a little annoyed at Mordaunt's silence, "Clark, it seems, began to speak to his master of the events of the night, and told him that he had seen him going out. Deverill seems to have got into a tremendous rage, to have shut him up abruptly. He rattled the old man completely, told him that in that house he was not expected to hear everything, to see anything, or to say anything—then came news of the murder. The old man puts two and two together, and, frightened to death, simply disappeared."

Another vexatious pause.

"Well," asked Mordaunt at last, "how does that help us? We've guessed all that before."

"Not all of it," continued Mr. Warner. "Mr. Deverill's eagerness to stop his servant's talk prevented his hearing something that would have been mighty useful to him. You see, when he went out of the front door he unfastened it. Half an hour after the watching Clark hears a latchkey in the lock. It is not his master, though. The incoming lights a match. Clark sees Harold Somerset."

"Ah," said Mordaunt, breathing a deep sigh of relief, "now we are getting at it."

"This man had the run of the house. He had a latchkey when he was there before. Clark saw the whole thing, saw him return an hour later, and then go out again, and heard his master come back in the dawn. He thought they were both in it—perhaps they were. Where was Deverill that night?"

"Never mind that," cried Mordaunt. "I shall be able to obtain the reprieve now."

And then the cab drew up in front of the Home Office.

(To be concluded).

HOUSEWIFE'S PROVINCE.

HOME-MADE COMESTIBLES.

GENOA CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—Six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, eight ounces of flour, four eggs, one lemon, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, four ounces of sultanas, three ounces of mixed peel, an ounce of almonds and pistachio nuts.

If possible, use a shallow square or oblong tin, such as Yorkshire pudding is made in, for this cake, and line it with two or three layers of greased paper. Next cream together the butter and sugar, and sieve together the flour and baking-powder. Then add to them the grated rind of the lemon. Beat the eggs well, then add them alternately with the flour to the butter and sugar, stirring all well together. Stalk the sultanas, chop the peel, almonds, and pistachios, then add the fruits and half of the nuts to the other ingredients. Mix all well together. Put the mixture into the prepared tin and sprinkle the rest of the almonds and the pistachios on the top. Bake the cake in a moderate oven about one and a half hours.

MADEIRA CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—Six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, nine ounces of Vienna flour, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, the rind of one lemon, two large slices of citron, four eggs.

This is a cake much appreciated by invalids and those who are not allowed to eat fruit. Sieve together the flour and baking-powder. Work the butter and sugar together with a wooden spoon till they are like cream. Beat up the eggs, then add a little egg and a little flour to the butter and sugar till all are mixed in, and add also the grated rind of the lemon. Have ready a tin lined with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, put the tin in a moderate oven, and when it has been in about twenty minutes place the slices of citron on top of the cake. When the cake is done turn it out of the tin and put it on a sieve till it is cold. It will probably take three-quarters of an hour.

QUEEN CAKES.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of butter, four ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, six ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, three ounces of glacé cherries or three ounces of sultanas, the rind of one lemon, vanilla, two ounces of mixed peel.

Well butter any pretty fancy little moulds. Cream together the butter and sugar, then beat up the eggs and add them alternately with the flour, to which you have added the salt and baking-powder. Cut the cherries in halves, chop the peel and grate the lemon rind; then add these to the mixture, also

a few drops of vanilla. Put the mixture into the prepared tin and bake the cakes a pale brown in a moderate oven. They will take about twenty minutes. Turn them on to a sieve to cool.

CHOCOLATE CONES.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of ground almonds, two ounces of plain chocolate, four ounces of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, the whites of three eggs.

Mix together the almonds, sugar, chocolate, and cinnamon. Next beat up the whites to a very stiff froth, then stir them gradually and lightly into the almond mixture. The mixture should be stiff, so do not add all the whites if they are not required.

Line a flat baking-tin with buttered paper, or, what is better still, wafer paper. Put a little rough heaps of the mixture on the tin and a good distance apart. Put them in the oven, and bake them slowly till they are crisp. They must be watched carefully that they do not burn. These will keep good in a tin for months.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.

INGREDIENTS.—Quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, one egg, half a pound of flour, a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, if liked a few currants and caraway seeds.

Cream together the butter and sugar, and add to them the beaten egg and the lemon rind. Beat these well together, then stir in the flour. Turn the paste on to floured board, and roll it out as thin as possible. Then stamp it out into small rounds with a plain or fancy cutter. Put these rounds on a greased baking-tin, and bake them for about twenty minutes.

GINGERBREAD.

INGREDIENTS.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two ounces of mixed peel, four ounces of butter, four ounces of Demarara sugar, eight ounces of golden-syrup, two eggs.

Sieve together the flour, ginger, and carbonate of soda. Chop the peel finely, and add it to the flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan, then add to it the syrup and sugar, and let the sugar dissolve gently, taking care it does not boil, or you will find you have toffee in your pan. Make a hole in the middle of the flour and pour in the butter, etc., and when that is partly mixed in and has cooled slightly beat up the eggs and add them, also a little milk if it is required. The mixture should just run off your spoon. Mix all well together, then pour the mixture into a baking-tin lined with one or two layers of buttered paper, and bake it in a very slow oven. Gingerbread burns very easily, so it must be carefully watched.

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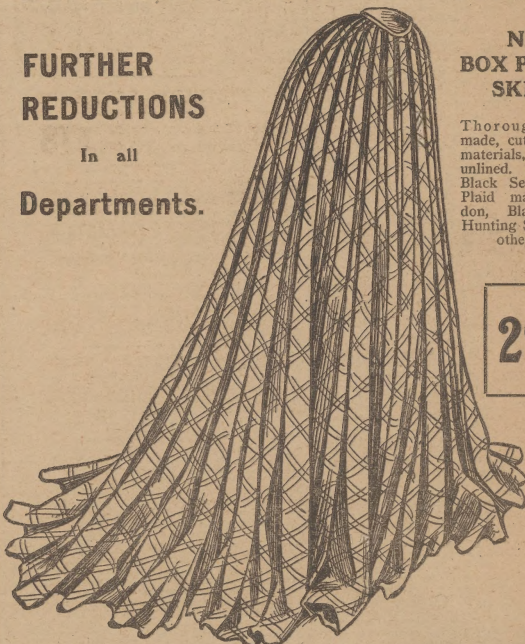
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EXQUISITE Irish gowns Evening Dress, lined with satin; new elbow sleeves; made by Madame Humble; medium figure; £5.—Gibbs, 16, Buckingham Palace-rd. S.W.

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10/6. **MAGNIFICENT PHONOGRAPH,** with alto minimum trumpet, lever action, with six 1s. 6d. Records; 1st, sacrifice 16s. 9d.

10/6. **LADY'S MAGNIFICENT SOLID GOLD, HALL-MARKED HOOP RINGS,** large lustrous stones. Sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

54 17s. 6d. **ELEGANT NEW BEAUKIN JACKET,** latest seque shape, double-breasted, fashionable revers, also storm collar, richly lined; great sacrifice. £4 17s. 6d. Approval willingly.

M. D. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 224, HIGH-ROAD, CHICHESTER, SUSSEX.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Miscellaneous.

"DAILY MIRROR" MINIATURES sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror."—Your miniature finished in water-colours for 2s. 1d. post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress, together with P.O. for 2s. 1d., to be crossed Coutts and Co., Miniature Dept., 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

DOWN Quilted—500 travellers' samples, unsold; must be cleared at a great sacrifice; full size, 6ft. by 5ft.; only 4s. 6d.; worth treble; carriage 6d.; 2 for 9s. 6d.; money returned if not approved.—Gray, Stewart, and Co. (Dept. 16), 25, Milton-st., London, E.C.

FASHIONABLE Writing Papers, etc., with your address printed or stamped free of charge.—Write for samples and sale catalogue, George Taplin, Manufacturer, Harringay, London, N.W.

FOR Sale: 35 volumes "Encyclopaedia Britannica"; offers invited.—C. T. M., Alhambra, Weymouth.

FURNITURE.—Gentleman sells his solid oak Bedroom Suite, £7 10s.; oak Table, £2 10s.; rich club Saddlebag Suit, £7 10s.; real Axminster Carpet, 50s.; and contents of flat.—Call 19, Eastbourne-rd., Hyde Park, and 79, Elgin-av., Harrow-rd., W.

FURNITURE.—Rich saddlebag suite, handsome square carpet-pattern, linen, rug, pretty table, and vases, 4s. 10s., or 2s. 6d. week.—Hine, 97, Wimbledon-rd., Stoke Newington.

CREAT Parcels flannelettes, oddments, etc.; suitable for patchwork, dusters, overall, etc.; 2s. and 4s. each; postage 3d.—Baker, Booby, and Co., Warehouse A33, Wandsworth.

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HUMPHREYS' Iron and Wood Buildings of every description; inexpensive, quickly erected; special catalogues for each class of buildings.—Offices, Humphreys, Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

IRISH LINEN NOVELTY.—Send postcard to-day for free samples and catalogue of remarkable clearance sale bed and table linen, shirts, etc.; half usual prices.—Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

LADY'S-MAID must sell privately two handsome ladies' Orient Diamond and Ruby Rings: 18-carat gold-set; each only 2s. the two; bargain; approval before payment; willingly.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Adelaide-rd., Ealing, Eand, London.

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DATCHWORK.—500 broadsides 1s. 2d.; remnant parcels dressing dolls 6d.; P.O.—Dept. 3, 57, Fortington-rd., Harlow.

RAILWAY LOST PROPERTY.—Etc.—Large quantity of Ladies' and Gents' Silk Umbrellas; fashionable handles; send 2s. for sample; 4d. postage and packing; 3 for 5s. 6d., or call and choose for yourselves.—Great Western Umbrella Depot, 65, Regent-st., London, W.

STAMPS.—100 varieties: Newfoundland, six Japan, Transvaal, China; 6d.—T. W. Wood and Co., South Tottenham.

STAMPS.—250 post free 7d.; approval sheets.—Bousnich, 104, Park-rd., Worthing.

OPEN LETTER To Our Readers.

No doubt many of you feel the effects of the holidays; some have eaten too much, some have drunk too much, and some have danced and played too much. You feel low-spirited, despondent, and not inclined to work or to resume your everyday life.

Now we want to put you right again. We will put new life into you, raise your spirits, brighten you up, and sharpen your wits. And how can this miracle be worked?

The answer is, write a postcard to "Gould's Golden Pill Co.," 4, Fernhead Road, London, W., and you will receive by return **ON APPROVAL** one of their 1 1/2 tubes of Pills, which are warranted to purify the blood, stir up the Liver, cure constipation, improve the skin and complexion, and do away with indigestion and many other similar complaints. You need not send any money. When you have tested the Pills and proved their value, you can pay for them.

Gould's Golden Pill Co. offer a real Silver Watch to every customer who has derived benefit from these Pills, and in addition to this, thousands of other presents of Jewellery are given away every week. Now don't delay, but send for a trial box of Pills at once to—**GOULD'S GOLDEN PILL CO., 4, Fernhead Road, London, W.**

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENT FORM.

Small Advertisements written on this Form will be accepted at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, E.C. (one minute from Blackfriars Bridge), for insertion in the "Daily Mirror," at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (minimum), 1/4d. per word afterwards, except **Situations Vacant and Wanted**, the rate for which is 1/4 for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. (Name and Address must be paid for.)

If sent by post, the Order Form must be accompanied by postal orders. (not stamps) crossed Coutts & Co.

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START Saving Your Money To-day in the "London Magazine."—Savings Bank—the most ingenious mechanical money-box ever invented; the most ingenious device for saving your money; you are obliged to continue.—On sale at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls, at all ironmongers and fancy goods stores, and from the Novelty Department, K. 12 and 13, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, by post.

9D. **BUYS** 25 artistic Picture Postcards, sent free; no rubbish.—Publisher, 6, Grafton-gate, Clapham.

PICTURE Postcards (latest designs): 25, 4d.; 50, 8d.; 100, 1s. 4d.; all different; post free.—Perrin Bros., below.

ATRESS Postcards (Marie Studholme, Isabel Jay, and others, not known (uncoloured), 7d.; hand-coloured, 1s. 1d.; different; post free.—Perrin Bros., 57, Fortington-rd., Harlow, Essex.

E. MANUEL and CO., 21, CLAPHAM-ROAD, N.B. KENNINGTON PARK, and OVAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY STATIONS.

PAWNBROKERS' CLEARANCE SALE.—Approval before payment. Send postcard for catalogue.

9/6 ONLY.—MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS. Elegant rich Sable Hair Coat, with hood, and Alexandra Dama 6ft. long necklet with 6 tails, and handsome large muff; perfectly new, reduced price, 9s. 6d.

25/- ONLY.—SILVER-PLATED MOUNTED TABLE CUTLERY, 12 table, 12 dessert knives, each carved; and 6 dessert spoons; 12 silver-plated spoons and forks, 12 teaspoons; 6 pieces; stamped A.P.N.R.; reduced price 25s.; approval.

26/6 ONLY.—ALL QUALITY SPOONS AND FORKS; complete service, 12 each table and dessert spoons and forks, 12 teaspoons; 6 pieces; stamped A.P.N.R.; reduced price 26s.; approval.

16/6 ONLY.—FISH KNIVES AND FORKS; handsome handles; unused; reduced price, 16s. 6d.; communion case, 16s. 6d.; case Fish Carvers, 8s. 6d.; approval.

39/6 ONLY.—ELEGANT SILVER-PLATED TOILET SET; pair large silver hair brushes; massive large silver hand mirror; silver mounted dressing comb; richly chased and embossed; fine make; unused; reduced price, 39s. 6d.; approval.

55/- ONLY.—SILVER-PLATED ENTREE DISHES; pair very fine quality, oval shape, detachable handles, forming 4 dishes; great sacrifice, 55s.; unsold; approval.

9/6 ONLY.—LADY'S ELEGANT SILK UMBRELLA; with 7in. deep silver hall-marked chased handle, Fox frame; unused; reduced price, approval.

ONLY.—GOLD-PLATED BURETTE AND PAD-LOCK, 18ct. gold filled; lady's handsome long chain, 18ct. gold-filled; 6s. 6d.; in case; approval.

MANUEL and CO., 21, CLAPHAM-ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNINGTON GATE.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE. Full List Post Free on Application.

HANDSOME PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY. To every purchaser during our Great Clearance Sale, we will give absolutely free, a Magnificent Fountain Pen, with Electric Gold Tip.

10/6. **Gent's magnificent 18-ct gold case 16 Chronograph Stop Watch.** Jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 5 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold stamped filled double curb Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 10 years' wear. Two together, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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